

Fly me to the moon

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Category: Warriors

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Ashfur, Scourge

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-15 04:28:31

Updated: 2016-04-15 04:28:31

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:47:31

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 935

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Let me play among the stars / In which Ashfur is lowkey in love with Scourge. Human AU

Fly me to the moon

What am I doing here.

Other than the fact that I'd been threatened, of course. I mean why had I been threatened. Why am I sitting in a cold, metal chair in a cold, metal room.

I felt like a criminal being interrogated, except no one is with me.

Why am I here.

These aren't even questions, because I know why. Because he asked for me. He wanted me here. He always wants me here. I can barely leave anymore, or he'll get upset. I need to see Squirreelflight. I need to make sure she isn't talking to that home wrecking jerk.

He's here.

"Ashfur." He always says my name like that. With too many syllables and not enough emphasis on the 'Ah.'

He says it as if he has an accent. He doesn't have an accent.

"Scourge." I always say his name right. He'll get mad if I don't.

He smiles. A dull, calm, unwavering smile. I'm not ashamed to say it's third most beautiful smile I've ever seen. Its beaten only by my sister and the love of my life.

"How's my little cigar tonight, eh?" He stands in front of me, his hands behind his back. I'm sitting, so he towers over my body easily. That's the exact reason I'm even in this chair, actually. He wants to feel big.

I take too long to answer, and he tries again. He leans forward, his lighter hand connecting with the back of the chair and making a thump against the metal. I don't flinch. "Alright, how's your sister?"

"She's amazing. Just had a child, actually" My own voice is calm, talking about something I love. "Handling it really well."

"Another one?" He sounds confused as his head tilts. For a second he actually looks his age. Small, innocent, and curious. He straightens again, and his expression is stone cold once more. "Can't that husband of hers keep it in his pants?"

I shrug and my eyes follow the man as he walks around the room. He's dark, so dark. I almost can't tell where his skin ends and his jacket begins. There are few parts of him that aren't such an inky shade. His thighs, his chest, his beautiful stomach. And his hand. The only place it's really noticeable to someone on the outside that his skin isn't all one color.

He lifts up his pale hand to smooth back his already slick hair. "Speaking of sex, what about that ginger whore, eh? How's it going with her?" I twitch.

"Don't call her that."

His hand stops just above the nape of his neck. He turns, slowly, and stares at me. "Excuse me?"

"Don't call her that." I repeat, a bit louder this time.

"And why not?" His volume stays the same, but as his arms swing out to the sides he's so much more animated. More fluid. "I mean, she can't seem to keep herself occupied with just one mate. No, she needs to sleep with yet another guy. I'll bet they're together right now-"

"Stop." I just interrupted him. I can't believe I interrupted him. I brace myself for impact, but as I look at him he just seems surprised, completely still. I stand. "She isn't what you think she is."

He snaps out of his trance.

"She's breaking your heart, Ashfur." His voice rises, contrast to his emotionless expression. "Can't you see that? You're tearing yourself apart over-"

"Please, Scourge."

"Over a woman who doesn't even want you!"

"But I want her." My heart drops into my stomach, whispering. "I need her, you just don't understand. She's the only one."

"What about me? What about me, Ash?" He growls, matching my hushed tone, and pushes my shoulder backwards. "What about all those nights where she was way later home from work than usual, and you came to me in tears? What about all the sacrifices I have made for you? Do not tell me she's the only one Ashfur, I know that's bullshit. You love me."

"Don't act like you're any different than her. I know about Bone." I grab his wrist, pulling the much smaller man towards myself. Why is he letting me do this so easily? "And before me, you were cheating on Bone with Tigerstar. Fuck off with that superiority complex of yours, because I know better."

He stops all together, aside from yanking his arm from my grip. He slowly starts to hum, swaying his hips. He opens his mouth and starts to, apparently, sing. "Fly me to the moon,"

He wraps his arms around my waist, keeping a firm grip on me. How does such a little person get so strong? "Let me play among the stars..."

His hands travel to my cheeks, pulling me in gently. "You are all that I have ever wanted," I can feel his breath on my face. "worshipped,"

He pulls one of his hands back and brings it back sharply, enough to throw me to the ground. I feel my cheek, the heat radiating from the mark cooling against my palm. I hear him mumble behind me as he kneels.

"And adored."

He runs his hand into my hair before he takes a fistful of the silvery locks and yanks back. "You are mine, Ashfur. I don't care how many people I've slept with, you sleep with none. You don't need anyone else. You have me."

He stands up again, turning and walking away. I can see his big, clunking boots as he steps out the door, closing it behind himself. That's my permission to leave.

So I do.

End
file.